

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 8.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM,

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Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

EMMA MORETON.

The road of life lies through a wild and varied valley which is called the vale of tears, (for many are shed by those who pass through it;) the commencement is often bright and sunshiny—but as the pilgrim advances, clouds and fogs darken his path, and the sun which shone so cheerily when he first started, is hid, or only gleams through the darkness, at distant and uncertain intervals. Shadow rests over shadow, and the gloom deepens into darkness. It was but a few days after Edward Vivian's departure, that an awful guest entered the house, whose visits, however fearful and masked they may be, none can refuse—it was death. He was calmly met, and Mrs. M. beheld his dread approach without a shudder.—She was not unprepared; religion had spread a shield before her heart, and the fears of death could not make it tremble. Emma saw the approaching dissolution of her only real friend on earth—her mother. All the instances of her parent's love; all the dear recollections of her earliest infancy, crowded into one vast billow of grief. She pleaded in tears before the throne of heaven, that her mother might be permitted to remain on earth, to be the friend and adviser of the otherwise destitute and broken-hearted Emma. But the decrees of God are as irrevocable as they are just; his voice had spoken it, and saints and angels were now waiting at the gates of heaven to take into their friendly arms the bright spirit that was about to cast off its mortal covering. Emma saw the last lingering smile light up her mother's countenance, and felt the last sigh move with gentleness the ringlets of her forehead. Her heart experienced that unkindly blight, that most cruel of mortal deprivations, the loss of a beloved parent.—A few hours before Mrs. M's death she was endeavoring to administer consolation to Emma, who, bathed in tears, (which she made ineffectual efforts to conceal,) flitted around the bed like a beautiful shadow. 'Emma, (said the dying mother,) let not your grief for my departure be unreasonably violent; for, by

such conduct, you will be ungrateful to our heavenly father, who, in his boundless love, is about to take to himself the soul of your mother. My life has been one of pain and trial, and but for my dear child, there is nothing on earth for which I wish to live. Surely you will not grieve that I have left a dark and sinful world, to mingle with the saints of God in the pure light of heaven. My Emma will not repine that I am enjoying happiness.' She paused. 'I will not be ungrateful, I will not repine, (sobbed the afflicted Emma,) but who is there on earth to love and counsel me? O, that I might pass from this world with my mother!' 'God's will, not ours, be done, (said Mrs. Moreton, raising her hands towards heaven;) wait patiently the appointed time, and we shall hereafter meet in joy. You may have much to live for; and let not the lessons of piety and humility which I have endeavored to imprint on your mind, be forgotten: when I am gone they may serve as guides thro' your pilgrimage on earth.' Thus did Mrs. M. strive with her ebbing strength to administer comfort and consolation; but the afflicted daughter's tears still flowed in silence. The blood will flow from a recent wound; the tears will gush from a wounded mind. Mrs. M's words were locked up in Emma's heart; they were the last, and were sacred. Mrs. M. spoke of Vivian and Mr. Moreton, and she conjured her daughter, with her expiring breath, 'never to desert her aged father.' The death of Mrs. M. was severely felt by her husband, but the chastisements of heaven only rendered more pungent the effects of a naturally unkind disposition. Emma's heart was deeply stricken: all the sources of earthly joy seemed at once dried up. The human soul has its verdant plains, its wide-spreading seas, its dark and trackless wilderness; its verdant plains, where the roses of hope vegetate and blossom; its wide seas, where the bark of thought glides over the unruffled tide of contentment; its trackless wilderness, where the mind wanders in the twilight of gloom, and conjures up the dark and fearful phantoms of future ill. For some time Emma's mind was depressed by a melancholy gloom; but time, as he passes, sheds from his spreading wing a healing balm. A calm once more was settling on Emma's soul; but, alas, it was not to last long. When winter comes, storm succeeds storm. She had not once heard from Vivian, and she began to hope that he had reconciled himself to what seemed to be the decree of heaven. It was not so. He had received her letter, and read it with agony. The words were few, and written as though with the hand of indifference; but there were blisters on the page that denied such an import; he saw them, and knew that he was yet dear to her. 'What, (said he,) shall our walks, our conversations, our dearly cherished hopes, all the circumstances which served to bind our hearts, pass for nought? Shall two souls that loved each other with the best and purest affection be torn asunder by the hands of an unfeeling and unnatural father? Never,

never!' He rushed into the presence of his commanding officer to ask permission to visit St. Eustatia; it was for the present refused. Orders had been given that the regiment to which Vivian belonged should return to England next month, and therefore his presence was required until all the arrangements for the embarkation of the troops were completed.—This was an unexpected blow to Vivian, and all his remaining hopes were annihilated. How could he hope that Emma would leave her parents now he was going to England? He was in despair. By some means Vivian learned the death of Mrs. M.; he grieved for the suffering Emma, but his hopes again sprang up; now Mrs. M. was dead, what was there to bind Emma to St. Eustatia? Surely she would not sacrifice her happiness to gratify such a father? Thus hoped Edward Vivian. But hopes often grow up in the most scanty soil, only to wither in the noon-day drought. Early one morning Vivian again entered the dwelling of the Moretons. Emma was out; he knew her favorite walk, and soon beheld her standing on the cliff; he flew to her and enfolded her in his arms. 'Vivian, this is cruel: fate has sundered us, and this meeting is a needless aggravation of sorrow.' Each word she spoke went through his heart. He told her of his departure for England, and his hopes that she would accompany him as his wife. She listened with deep and agonized feeling. 'No, Edward, this must not, cannot be. 'I would not leave my father in his old age.'—'But cannot we prevail on him to go with us?' 'No, he will not leave Eustatia; he will never leave a lucrative business.' What could Vivian say? He could not think of relinquishing Emma while there was the least hope. He knelt at her feet and entreated that she would not blast his happiness. This was a sore trial for the virtuous girl. Her tears rolled in torrents over his supplicating hands. In a low, broken voice she said, 'the last words of my departed mother were, *never abandon your aged father.*' Vivian was dumb. He looked about like one who sees a torrent rushing round him, and finds nought to which he can cling. Emma beheld his ghastly look, whilst his stricken heart heaved tumultuously in his bosom. She could bear no more; and threw herself into his arms. For a time they stood transfixed in silent grief. 'Let us go to your father, (said Vivian,) and cast ourselves at his feet: if he possesses a heart he will hear our supplications; he will pity the sighs and tears of his child.' They went; bathed in tears they knelt before him; but he was obdurate. Strange as this may seem, of such hardness of heart mankind are the daily witnesses.

The lofty spirit of Vivian began to rise. He sprang from his suppliant posture: 'Art thou a man, a christian, a father, and canst thou still look with relentless eye upon thy kneeling daughter? What, not make one small sacrifice, if it promote the happiness of thy only child?' Mr. Moreton's eyes flashed with anger. 'Young man, your words are vain: once

more I say I will not give consent. Emma, leave his side this instant.' He seized her arm with the intention of dragging her away. Vivian grasped her round the waist with one sinewy arm, and with the other drew his sword. 'No, by heavens; we shall not be separated; she is not thy daughter; thou dost not love her; I do!' The father shrunk from his angry form, and called his slaves. Emma sobbed in grief and terror. 'Emma, my boat is in readiness, and if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be mine, though a legion of such unnatural fathers obstruct the path.' With one arm he stretched out his threatening sword, and with the other supported the breathless Emma. His looks belied not his words: the hitherto mild and gentle youth now stood a powerful and determined man. He waited with supplicating eyes for Emma's answer. Trembling with emotion, she said, 'O, Vivian, I cannot, will not disobey my dying mother. Leave me to my sorrows, and incense no more my father's anger.' The sword dropped at his feet; he relaxed his hold on Emma. 'Oh, God, (he cried,) then we are doomed to part!' He clasped once more the fainting girl to his bosom; he gave one burning, one heart-rending kiss, and rushed to his boat. The poor Emma lay insensible for some minutes; but far too soon did she awaken to a knowledge of her misery. Her father was standing over her; she saw him, and shuddered involuntarily as she thought of his cruelty; but that feeling soon subsided. Unkind as he had been, she yet loved him. Though the tree be hollow and heartless, the ivy will still cling to it, and affectionately throw its long tendrils round the supporter of its youth. Often did Emma weep in secret the loss of her mother, and Vivian's wronged affections; but the thought that she had performed a sacred promise, came like a balmy breeze through her soul. Months passed, and the hurricane of her grief subsided, and a calm resignation succeeded. Two years elapsed without any occurrence of great interest. Emma lived in retirement. Mr. M's business prospered, but his eagerness for gain did not diminish by the accumulation of wealth. He toiled in vain, and died a poor man in despite of his avarice. By failures in Jamaica he sustained heavy losses, but the wreck of two of his vessels reduced him at once to poverty; and he whose heart had been callous to the kindlier feelings of love and affection, was now found vulnerable to the assaults of indigence. It was a death-blow.—He lingered a few months of miserable existence, and dropped into the grave.

From the summit of a precipice which rises some hundreds of feet, the eye commands an extensive, beautiful prospect. From this lofty eminence, by one false step, a man might be precipitated into the lower town of St. Eustatia. The ceaseless roar of the surf is here heard as it chafes the narrow beach of sand and shells that stretches for some distance below the cliffs to the left. Numerous vessels may be seen in the bay; some proudly bearing into port; others spreading their gay canvass to the favouring breeze that wafts them from the island; and many swimming in idleness round their anchors. Far over the sea the blue rocks of Laba spring, like an airy castle, from the glimmering horizon. On the sum-

mit which commands this extensive view, stands the white church of St. Eustatia. Although simple and unassuming in its form, yet from the peculiarity of its situation and color, it obtrudes itself upon the eye of the mariner, for many leagues, and he might in the distance mistake it for a little white cloud flitting round the black crags of the mountainous country. The level church-yard is surrounded by a fence of sturdy Aloes, whose formidable leaves bid defiance to the hardy Goat, and their tall stems which rise from their centres, crowned with yellow blossoms, cast their long shadows over the simple grave-stones.

The last ray of the setting sun was yet lingering on the church steeple, and came as a farewell over the placid ocean; all other surrounding objects were resting in a shadow; a brief twilight was thickening. That day there had been a funeral, and a few persons were yet loitering about the graves. As darkness came they disappeared, and the church-yard was left to its loneliness. The hum of the multitude had died away, and not a sound was heard but the mournful voice of the sea as it came on the fitful breeze. But there was one being who yet looked on the grave as a bed on which she trusted ere long to repose; the bed on which all whom she had loved and venerated, were now resting. The earthly curtain was drawn over their faces, and the roof of their chamber would soon be covered with grass and with flowers. Who would have thought that the being who knelt by the fresh grave was earthly? Her long white arms and clasped hands were extended, in all their loveliness, towards heaven; her dark and shining locks brushed the fresh mould, and spread in unrestrained beauty over a pale face bedewed with tears, and bending in lowly meekness to the earth. It was a poor bereaved orphan—it was Emma Moreton. She was like a delicate flower which has been thrown by the heedless blast upon a rocky islet.—The clime was rude and foreign to its nature, but the neighboring plants protected its infancy; but one by one they withered and were torn from its unshielded side, by the rushing wind, and it was now a lovely blossom that bends its humble and graceful head when the night breeze rushed by in rudeness. Emma rose from her lowly attitude, and felt that consolation which heaven in its love bestows upon its suppliant children. She left the church-yard and wandered unconscious whither. She was started from her reverie by the sound of voices. She found she was standing on the very spot where she and Vivian had had such an affecting interview. The channel of her thoughts instantly changed. Where was Vivian?—Perhaps enjoying the blessings of friendship and love; perhaps engaged in the bloody strife that raged in Europe. Again the voices she had heard came on the breeze; there was a well-remembered sound; she listened in breathless silence; it again struck her ear; it came from the sea; she heard the splash of oars. 'O, heavens! can it be Vivian?' She hurried down a friendly path, and stood trembling on the beach. She strained her eyes anxiously in every direction; but no objects met them save rocks and water. She listened with intensity; but no loved sound blessed her ear; the waves scarcely whisper-

ed on the pebbly shore, but she was ready to chide that whisper. She heard her own heart beating powerfully in her bosom. 'O, my foolish heart, why dost thou throb so loudly? Why did I suffer the workings of my imagination so cruelly to deceive me? Vivian breathes in other lands, and may never cast one thought on his once loved and happy, but now destitute Emma. O, may happiness illumine his journey through life, and may he be blessed with a partner capable of loving him like Emma Moreton.' 'He shall! O, my Emma!' It was Vivian who spoke. His ear had heard her last words. She once more heard him whisper; she once more felt his constant heart beat in contact with her own. During his absence he had been in battle and in danger. Peace came, and fortune. He left the army with his affections unchanged, and hurried over the Atlantic to bless the virtuous orphan. If Mr. Moreton had yet been living, Vivian knew he would make no objection to their union, now fortune was auspicious, and he felt contented to pass (if necessary) his days in St. Eustatia with his beloved Emma.

The moon was again gilding the mountain top with her silvery radiance. 'Behold; my love, (said Vivian,) the witness of our happy meeting.'

Thus, after numerous trials, were these devoted lovers restored to each other's embrace. If, for a time, fortune frowned inauspicious, it served only to enhance the bliss of their union, which at last was happily consummated. Many blissful years they lived to enjoy each other's society. And Emma Moreton, even in this world, reaped the reward of her duty to a dying parent. ALPHA.

THE DUELLIST—A FRAGMENT.

It was not very late when Sidney returned home, and Clara had not retired to rest. The pale and haggard looks of her husband alarmed her—but he said he felt fatigued and wanted rest, and that after he had written a letter, which was necessary, he should go to bed; but he entreated her to leave him, and seek that repose which he felt assured she was so much in need. His manner to her was particularly kind and tender, and several times he was on the point of soliciting her forgiveness for the unmerited treatment she had received from him, but was withheld by his dread of alarming her, as he thought she would suspect he had some motive for his unusual condescension. When she had left the apartment, Sidney had leisure to re-consider the events which had passed that evening. He blamed his own precipitation, and deplored the excess of passion into which he allowed himself to be transported. The sudden death which, perhaps, awaited him, in a few short hours, and the overwhelming agony of Clara, on being informed of it, presented itself to his imagination. To dwell on it, however, was useless; he had given his word, which he could not retract without being branded with the name of coward, and by the laws of honor he was bound to fulfil his engagement. He cast his eyes around the apartment, and sighed as he beheld the various little articles of Clara's taste and skill in drawing. He had never before viewed them with so much interest, but now, perhaps, he gazed on them for the last time. Opposite

to the chair where he sat hung the portrait of Clara. He took the light to examine it; it had been taken by the express desire of her father in the days of her happiness, before he felt any symptoms of the disease that had terminated his existence, and Clara was there represented in the first freshness and innocence of her maiden beauty. 'She is indeed sadly changed, (said he;) all is gone save the whiteness of her brow, and the same gentle and sweet expression which renders her countenance so interesting and attractive. Oh, that we had never met! At least, that it had never been our fate to marry. She might then have bloomed on, the same fair and fragrant flower, and I have been at liberty to gaze on her loveliness without my present bitter pangs of self-reproach.' Sidney put down the light, and walked in a perturbed manner up and down the apartment; but his eye fell on an elegant work box of Clara's, which he had himself given her. He could not, in his present mood, resist the temptation he felt to view its contents, for even the most minute articles belonged to her he was about to part from, now possessed a double value. The contents were all arranged with the utmost neatness; there was a small parcel wrapped in a paper and tied round with blue ribbon, lying in one corner, which soon attracted his attention. He undid the covering, and perceived the parcel to consist of a quantity of his own notes and letters to Clara, previously to their marriage.—'And does Clara still think these trifles worth preserving so carefully? (said Sidney, as he replaced them.) I may not look at them, for, alas! how ill have I fulfilled the promises and protestations with which I won her gentle heart, and which, in these letters, are so lavishly poured forth.' Sidney sat down; for this proof of the affection which Clara entertained for him, overpowered him with remorse. The fatal meeting that must take place on the morrow sounded in his ears as the death knell that would forever separate him from Clara and from happiness. Not without deep emotions did he think of the world of disembodied spirits, which he might soon join; and of the little concern and consideration he had given to eternal subjects, which now he felt were, indeed, of all others, the most important; and that to face death with true tranquillity of heart and resignation of spirit, it is necessary to have a humble confidence and belief in the supporting power of an Almighty yet merciful God.

He sat sometime absorbed in reflection, when he remembered that his long absence would, perhaps, alarm Clara; and though he felt it impossible to sleep, he resolved to appear to do so, as he much wished that she might not observe his departure, fearful that her questions would occasion the betrayal of his agitation, which he wished to hide from her observation. The morning broke, at length, and Sidney watched the gradual increasing light with intense interest. He was extremely solicitous to avoid disturbing Clara, who appeared sunk in a deep and refreshing sleep. Gently slipping on his clothes, he dared scarcely to breathe, lest he should awaken her. He stole on tip-toe to the side of the bed where she lay, to take, as he thought, perhaps, a last look at her. As he stood gazing, Clara smiled in her dream, and Sidney's anguish almost overcame him, when he

thought how soon her smile would be changed to tears, when made acquainted with the cause of his absence. He longed to imprint one kiss on her fair cheek, but he refrained for her sake. His eyes filled with tears, he dared not trust himself to look any longer on the beloved being before him, but rushed from the room in agony. * * *

MATERNITY.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight; but the charms of maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies; the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her sleeping babe.—These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and in which all description becomes ineffective; in the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity! ecstatic sound! so twined round our heart, that it must cease to throb ere we forget it; it is our first love, it is part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty; nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven;' or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert—though a lone being, far be such feelings from

The Hermit in London.

'OUT AT LAST.'

A village Pastor was examining his parishoners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg catechism is this: 'What is the only consolation in life and death?' A young girl, to whom the Pastor put this question, laughed, and would not answer. The Priest insisted. 'Well, then, (said she, at length,) if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker, who lives in the Rue Agneaux.'

HIGH LIFE.

The drawing of a rich prize in a late lottery was the means of a gentleman from the interior, visiting Boston, a few days since, who left behind him a genuine Yankee morceau. Having received the money, he bethought himself of something to eat, and accordingly presented himself at the bar of a cele-

brated Hotel, and enquired of the landlord for a dinner; he asked, as is customary, what he would have, when, after due consideration, he arose, and, in the spirit of the 'nation,' said, 'Well, I don't know—bread and lasses is darn'd goon, I snum!'



POETRY.

TO HER WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.

I wrote thee—yes, and 'twas sincerely,
I penn'd that simple little lay;
It was not wayward fancy merely,
But truths I could not pass away.

I knew it were a bold intrusion,
And might unwillingly offend;
But know, fair maid, that small effusion
Was written for thy injured friend.

I knew him not—but there's a feeling
Which throbs for those assailed by care—
When grief is from the bosom stealing
The dearest hopes that nestled there.

But go—I would not now deceive thee—
Thy short-lived dream of bliss is o'er:
Yes, go—and ere we part, believe me,
He cannot, *will* not trust thee more.

MALCOLM.

THE KISS.

From Phillis I received a kiss,
And quite transported with the bliss,
'Kiss me, oh, kiss me,' still I cried,
When thus the laughing fair replied:
'What! is your memory so bad
That you forget the kiss you've had—
The very moment it was taken,
Ere the warm blush my cheek's forsaken?'
'No, (I rejoined,) you reason wrong—
If for another kiss I long—
'Tis that my memory, so steady,
Still dwells on that I've had already.'

THE GRAVE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I love to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To sooth a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful sight ;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers ;
Nor does the moon-light seem more fair
On beauty's sweetest bowers.

'Ay ! but within that grave there sleeps
One o'er whose mouldering clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away.'

And what of that ! the frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of the banquet heeds
As of the winds that blow.

WATER COLORS.

['TO HIM WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.']

'Your cottons, (said Flavia,) are cheating, vile trash;
See, the color's all gone, tho' you said they would
wash !'

'Yes, Madam, (the shop-keeper answered,) no doubt
I said they would wash, but I meant they'd wash out.'

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1825.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A few days since, Mrs. Margaret Wilso, of Sugar Creek township, Pennsylvania, while searching for eggs, and in reaching to the nest under the barn-floor, was bit on the little finger by a Rattle Snake, when she immediately started for the house, and on passing a block where an ax was laying, which she seized, and, placing her finger on the block, cut it off, which circumstance prevented the circulation of the poison, and in all probability saved her life.

'MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME.'

In Edinburgh, lately, a young Lady, locked in her chamber by her mother, and deprived of her dresses, descended from the window in the night, in her *robe de chambre*, and accompanied her lover to the priests !

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from a gentleman, formerly of this town, now residing in London, to his friend here, received per last London packet, from which we make the following extracts for the readers of the Ladies Museum :

* * * * "Milford Haven, through which we passed on our return to London, is a beautiful little place, and remarkable for being the spot on which his present Majesty first set his royal foot in Wales. The stone upon which he stepped in leaving the boat has the print of his two feet, inlaid with copper ! and a few yards above it is a monument, with a suitable inscription. This is allowed to be the finest harbor in England ; it is capable of containing a thousand men of war ; fleets are now riding at anchor in the stream ; gun-boats, steam-boats, and other ves-

sels, appear continually moving before the eye, affording a most delightful scene to the spectator as he views it from the bluff on which the town stands, being situated about 200 feet from the level of the water. As I stood upon the stone that bore the impress of our illustrious Sovereign's foot, I cannot say that I imbibed any of the enthusiasm for royalty which seemed to possess the gentleman that described the scene to me ; my imagination, however, reverted back to former times, when the Earl of Richmond, with 'his mighty force,' landed at this harbor, and first caused the tyrant Richard to tremble on his throne. * * * I was yesterday present at a grand review of two battalions of his Majesty's troops, in Hyde Park, by his grace the Duke of Cambridge, on whose account I went, having never seen him ; but the features of the royal family are so remarkably 'like,' that having seen the King, it is quite impossible for an observer to be mistaken in either of the brothers. The Duke was enthusiastically cheered by the mob, on leaving the field ; and was tolerably active and graceful, for an old man, in touching his hat to the multitude, which he did at every step of his horse. The Duke of York, however, is much the most popular here, and is gaining in public favor every day, for reasons which I presume need not be mentioned to you ; he is the favorite among the fashionable circles, and stands in a situation not unlike that of Gen. Jackson, at Washington, last winter ; I do not mean that his services to his country have been *precisely* of a character with those of the General, the Duke being skillful only in *one* military manœuvre, of which Gen. Jackson was profoundly ignorant, viz. a *retreat* ; his grace, however, is the rallying point here, and has made himself very popular among a certain class, for the course he pursued with regard to the catholic question. What you have heard respecting his pecuniary embarrassments, is correct ; he lately received a present from the citizens of Cheshire, of a mammoth cheese, and had it been stuffed with *sovereigns*, at this time, would doubtless have been a very acceptable present. The people have an anxious eye to the succession ; the Duke is the apparent heir, and circumstances make it highly probable that we shall ere long have a new coronation, as the sun of his present Majesty is in the west.

The King held a drawing room on Tuesday last, which is said to have been the most splendid ever given within the walls of St. James. Knowing that his royal presence would be required pretty early, he arrived in town the day before, and took apartments for the night, at the Palace ; the day was very pleasant, and about one o'clock I mixed with the crowd that assembled, as usual, in front of the Palace yard. The state apartments were thrown open, and the nobility began to arrive ; those of the royal family, that I was enabled to make out, were the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Augusta, Duchess of Kent, and lastly, my favorite, the Duke of York and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, who entered, as I observed, at a different part of the house from the rest. I perceived that all who entered had tickets, which was a modest hint for me to retire ; besides, I conceived it an insult from the royal family to pass without noticing me. It is whispered among the

higher circles that Prince Leopold is soon to lead to the altar the widowed Duchess de Berri, in which case he will probably abandon his English pensions, as derogatory to the house of Bourbon. * * *

(To be continued.)

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"Elizabeth" has been received, and is under consideration.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Capt. Hosea Ballou, of Cumberland, to Miss Ann Whipple, residing in Providence.

In Nantucket, Mr. William Uneerhill, of N. York, to Miss Mary Mitchell, daughter of the late Mr. David Mitchell, of Boston.



DIED,

In this town, 8th inst. Mrs. Mary Kelly, aged about 90 years.

On the 8th inst. George, infant son of Mr. George Mason.

On the 9th inst. Capt. Zephaniah Graves, aged about 67 years.

On Tuesday afternoon last, after a lingering illness, Mr. George E. Weeden, eldest son of the late Mr. George Weeden, in his 39th year.

On Tuesday afternoon last, Mr. James Snow, in his 70th year.

On Monday last, Mrs. Mary Dexter, aged 67 years, widow of the late Mr. Andrew Dexter, formerly a merchant in this town.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Rebecca Staples, wife of William R. Staples, Esq. aged 25 years.

In Cranston, 12th inst. Fanny, infant daughter of Mr. Amasa Sprague, aged six months and fourteen days.

In Attleborough, 13th inst. after a lingering illness, Harriet S. daughter of Mr. Stephen P. Morse, aged about 15 years.—On the 14th inst. Dr. Thomas Stanley, aged about 59 years. He was a man eminent in his profession, and was much esteemed for his usefulness in the healing art.

At the Arkwright village, (Cranston,) Col. Francis Le Barron D'Wolf, second son of the Honorable James D'Wolf, in the 28th year of his age.

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